

THE *Eng. Poetry vol. 61*
VISION of PROPHECY;

O R,

SCANDAL CONVICTED.

A POETIC EPISTLE TO HIS GRACE,

The DUKE of DEVONSHIRE.

WHEREIN

The Calumny of the Times is satyrized; and a Letter to Her Grace,
The DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE, particularly considered.

THE WHOLE

Calculated for the vindication of Youth, Innocence, and Beauty;
And for the Dignity and Honour of the Fair Sex.

BY A TEMPLAR. *K*

*Curs'd be the verse, how smooth soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one honest man my foe.*

POPE.

L O N D O N:

Printed for P. SHATWELL, opposite the Adelphi, Strand.

M DCC LXXVII.

VISION OF PROPHECY

SCANDAL CONVICTED.

A SCOTCH DISTRICT TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

THE WHOLE

The Gleanings of the Time (1840-1841) and a Letter to Her Grace,
The Duchess of Devonshire, particularly considered.



Calculated for the vindication of Youth, Innocence, and Beauty,
And for the Dignity and Honour of the Fair Sex.

THE MIND

Printed by J. G. & Co. 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.
For sale by all Booksellers.

LONDON

Printed by J. G. & Co. 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

in the year 1841.

The DUKE of DEVONSHIRE.

My LORD,

THO' a perfect stranger, nor honoured with your GRACE's acquaintance; respect for your character, family, and rank, joined to a just abhorrence of the virulent satires lately obtruded on the public, gave rise to the following lines. That the Prophecy herein contained, the effusions of my sincere and well-founded hope, may speedily be accomplished, is my chief aim, and stedfast wish.

Tho' bold and novel the defence of the Fair may seem in this satyric age, I glory in the attempt, however inadequate to the task: ---it may please---it can offend none, except fools or knaves; whose mockery, I trust, I shall

shall ever despise. The approbation of one honest mind is, to me, preferable to the applause of the million, who delight in scandal, and glory in exposing (thro' the false shew and zeal for reformation) the frailties of humanity; particularly of that part, which requires the most delicate address, and the greatest indulgence; of whom the Poet says,

“ *_____ Nature made you*

“ *To temper man—we had been brutes without you.*”

These motives prevailed over my conscious inability to do justice to the subject: That the effort may prove pleasing to the Fair, to the Ingenuous, and to your Grace, is the sincere hope, and ardent desire, of

Your Grace's most obedient,

And very humble Servant,

London, May 19,
1777.

A TEMPLAR.

T H E
VISION of PROPHECY.

A P O E T I C E P I S T L E

To His GRACE, the DUKE of DEVONSHIRE.

M Y L O R D,

WHEN DÆMON's rife, and shameless as unknown,
With DIABOLIADS dare insult the Town;
With impious Rage all CHARACTER defame,
And feed the Public appetite for SHAME;
When such are licens'd, for the Nation's curse,
And, with the pay of SCANDAL, heap their Purse;
Wonder not, various Authors should engage,
With a like view, to satyrise the age!

Prescribe the Limits, wherein each should move,
 That fears their Malice, or would sooth their love!
 And mask'd by Friendship—fair, delusive sound!
 Of heart-felt Anguish give the secret wound!
 Shall none appear to reprobate the Deed,
 And hurl the Slander on their guilty Head?
 Yes!—tho' unequal, yet without dismay,
 PROPHEMIC VISION thus attempts the Lay!

What tho' the witling, or licentious Tribe,
 Commend the Act, that furnishes their Jibe!
 Tho' female Prudery, or wrinkled TIME,
 Feed on the Satyre, and enjoy the Rhyme!
 Let such, my LORD! their jealous Smiles dispense;
 When SCANDAL would supply the want of Sense,
 Soon the just Punishment awaits th' Offence;
 By WISDOM spurn'd, how sudden its Decay!
 Swift in Transition, as a WINTER's Day!
 Judgment, refin'd as YOUR's, its Rage defies,
 And, in the Birth, the hated Offspring dies!

Such

Such be dark CALUMNY's deserved Fate,
 The Scorn of HONOUR, and the good Man's Hate!
 But treble'd Woes on him, whose Soul malign
 Would impiously assault fair BEAUTY's Shrine!
 That Shrine, where VIRTUE too, with potent Charm,
 Conjoins ev'n rigid ENVY to disarm!
 Where these beam full, may tenfold Horrors wait
 On him, who would disturb the married state!
 Who would embitter all the Joys of Life,
 And sow Division betwixt Man and Wife!
 With harmless FASHION, solid Ills confound,
 And to whole Families extend the Wound!
 The Peace of Numbers, by his guilt, involve,
 And the great Chain of HARMONY dissolve!

Yet such vile Sycophants each Hour displays,
 Springing, like Insects, from hot SUMMER's rays;
 Allow'd awhile to buz, to taint, annoy
 That bliss, above their malice to destroy!

Judge you, MY LORD! within this meddling race,
 How far is rank'd th' Addresser of her GRACE!

For

For tho' his Reverence *seems* dispos'd to please,
 As *anxious* to unvell dark Error's maze;
 With *friendly* hand, would *seem* to point the way,
 Where FOLLY leads her Votaries astray!
 Yet, in her Temple, high his Billet rears,
 The sport of SCANDAL, and malicious sneers!

Can common Prudence such an act maintain,
 Which Indiscretion marks with public stain!
 No! Delicacy claims her due regard—
 And female Delicacy must be heard!
 Strip Man of that respect, NATURE estrang'd,
 And ev'ry sweet Sensation quickly chang'd,
 Becomes the Savage of his former state,
 'Ere female softness smil'd upon his fate;
 The Chasm in LOVE and NATURE, what supply,
 But Self-upraidings, and malignity!

Here then the Mode must DELICACY blame:
 SATIRE's to harsh upon a Lady's Name!
 And public SATIRE oft contempt inspires,
 Rather than gains the End of our desires!

While

While private Counsel, as with artless skill,
Steals, imperceptibly, upon the Will;
And ev'n the Fair, tho' first in FASHION'S Train,
Sooth'd to reflect, beholds her Pomps how vain!
How frail and perishing the Joys she gives,
While, in just *Medium* only, PLEASURE lives.

Lest fools deny me serious in the Tale,
I hope to prove, that WISDOM must prevail;
And where we grant, the Sparks of knowledge laid,
Their native Lustre be in time display'd!
Nor from false Premises, but solid thought,
This happy inference is justly wrought:
If warm in HONOUR, and in BEAUTY'S Cause,
Indulgence there I claim—if not Applause.

First, give the Satyrist his full Demand,
Let FOLLY revel, with licentious Hand;
And to support his Virulence and Spleen,
Let us allow the Frailties of EIGHTEEN!
That the Effect of WISDOM shall appear,
The following Argument, I hope, will clear.

Grant we, for instance, all the Human Kind
Born to Perfection, as of Soul refin'd!
How useless REASON then, her Influence vain,
Sent chiefly to correct our NATURE's Stain!
Cleanse the foul dregs of our corrupted Earth,
And purify the Frailties of our Birth!
Renew, to second life, Man's abject State,
And fit him to enjoy a better Fate!

If WISDOM's Hand alone presents the clue,
Which NATURE's Labyrinth unfolds to view;
If to fall'n Manhood by indulgence giv'n,
To raise his Thoughts to VIRTUE, and to HEAVEN;
Dissolve the Mists of Life, its Errors clear!
If such we grant her sacred Business here,
What rash Impiety to doubt her care!
Mistrust the Blessings of her heavenly Pow'r,
When pleas'd to open her enlight'ning Store!
And, in due Time, to ev'ry feeling Heart,
Her Image, with her Virtue, shall impart!

But

But MAN, the lordly Arbiter of Grace,
 Would bound Heav'n's favour to his jealous Space!
 Would circumscribe her Act to his Desire,
 As ENVY prompts, or MALICE does inspire!
 But let *his Wisdom* search all Nature's Plan,
 And find in Youth Perfection if he can!
 Where, ev'n to Manhood, is such Favour shewn,
 'Till sage REFLECTION makes her Empire known!
 Then, in his purest State, what Food for blame,
 Where SLANDER grasps each Shadow to defame!

These principles of Man allow'd, and true,
 How much to Youth, to female BEAUTY's due!
 How rash, unjust, the Satyrift appears,
 Who, *seeming to indulge* their tender Years,
 Against their Weakness, his fell Banner rears!
 Who owns, how VANITY ensnares the Soul,
 It's dazzling Splendours ev'ry Thought controul!
 Yet, while her Influence he'd *kindly* grant,
 In the same Moment, would her Charms supplant!

While

While he admits, that Grandeur and Command,
 Strip'd of the Awe, that waits a Parent's hand,
 As by Enchantment, prey upon the Sense,
 And, as with second Life, their dates commence!
 How forward should we look, with REASON's Eye,
 To see the Work of Reformation nigh!
 Expect the Change, our anxious Wishes form,
 When VIRTUE fits serene from Folly's Storm!

Allowing then, for Argument, not Truth,
 That FASHION triumphs o'er unguarded Youth!
 REASON suggests, MY LORD!—what you approve,
 By the exertion of unequall'd Love—
 A better Means the Weakness to erase,
 Than public Satire, or unkind Disgrace!

'Tis liberally to give the proper Scope
 To fond Assurance, and PROPHETIC HOPE!

Nor

Nor like the CYNIC, or pedantic Fool,
 Send YOUTH and BEAUTY to grave Rigour's School!
 On tender Shoulders clap the Weight of Age,
 And in the Acts of Matronship engage;
 To moping SCIENCE yield up Beauty's Prime,
 And in the cares of sixty waste her Time!

Sure such Phenomenon would Mirth provoke,
 And NATURE's solid Principles revoke!
 Who wisely, to each Sex and Age, consign'd
 The foibles, suited to the tender Mind;
 'Till rip'ning Years each Folly should display,
 And full Conviction cast them clean away!

But when shall TIME this Happiness bespeak,
 Or sweet Conviction from her trance awake?
 How bring this wish'd Reflection into view?—
 Thus I prescribe, and hold the Doctrine true.

When

When SENSE and EDUCATION both conjoin'd,
 Have fix'd their Root within the Female Mind;
 What tho' wild FASHION, in her wildest Drefs,
 Play on the Fancy, and awhile cares!
 What tho' they captivate, with all their Pride,
 Short is their reign, when VIRTUE's by her side!
 Her magic Influence will gently steal,
 Deep to the Soul, and their excesses heal;
 That hour let LOVE and mild INSTRUCTION wait,
 The Triumph, with their Aid, is soon compleat.

Whereas, 'ere FOLLY's Mirrour shall display
 The tinsel'd colours of her mock array;
 With Harshness to provoke the Female Scorn,
 Delays the Rising of REFLECTION's Morn!
 And while the Shadow rashly we impeach,
 We cast the Substance from our eager Reach!

From Arguments like these, I mean to raise
 PROPHETIC VISION, and substantial Praise!

While,

While, on these principles, Hope views the past,
And reads the Transports, you are doom'd to taste!
But 'ere the PROPHECY we further scan,
Let's search for HUMOUR—find her, if we can?

But first, assume we lighter Measure;
For SCANDAL is the style of PLEASURE!
And thro' the Circuit of the Town,
Solidity will scarce go down;
Laughter and Levity's the Ton!
To such these Lines I would present,
For ridicule and Lightness meant.

Of FEATHERS so much has been said,
As would distract a Female Head!
'Tis call'd—"the Proof of lightest FOLLY,
" And crowns the Hearse of MELANCHOLY!
" Of VANITY the Emblem too,
" And Weakness of the Baby Brow!
" And from the Cradle to the Grave
" These FEATHER'D Honours, trembling, wave!"

But

But they forget, how this same FEATHER
Serves to unlock an Author's Tether!

Whereby he gains his daily Bread,

When ev'ry sence of HONOUR's fled!

And dealing SCANDAL to the throng,

Confounds the Name of Right, and Wrong!

And, with a Zeal for Reputation,

Sows SLANDER, MALICE, DEFAMATION!

Take it another Way— when us'd

To virtuous Purpose, nor abus'd;

It is, in honest Hands, a Treasure,

Dealing Knowledge, dealing Pleasure!

Giving to PRAISE, where Praise is due,

To human Frailty ever true!

When well applied, it does dispense,

Respect, Instruction, and good Sense!

But plac'd within the Hand of Fools,

Becomes the very worst of Tools,

And when with knavish ART conjoin'd,

Infects the Morals of Mankind!

Thus

Thus the same Thing may well produce

A proper, and improper use,

Subject for PRAISE, or low ABUSE!

Thus some this FEATHER so arraign,

It puts them in an Ague's Pain!

They'd have you think, that in the Wreath,

So many DEVILS lurk'd beneath;

At least DON QUIXOTE should advance,

To combat them with Sword and Lance!

And pluck them from the Fair-One's Head,

As of the Giants it is said—

With FEE, FAW, FUM—alive or dead!

For me, while Tenderneſs directs,

To grant to Nature her Defects;

Trifles, like theſe, ſhall ne'er diſpleaſe,

Nor taint the Honour of my Lays!

Nor will I cavil at the Wearer,

While VIRTUE waits upon the Bearer!

D

But

But for the FEATHER'D Wits, I hope,

They'll mend, upon the words of POPE :

" A WIT'S a FEATHER, and a Chief's a rod,

" An HONEST Man's the noblest work of God!"

Next mark the Ostrich; *Lady dear*

" That foolish Bird, whose spoils you wear

So writes th' Addresser, and subjoins

The purport of the following Lines—

" I should indeed have told your Grace,

" 'Tis monstrous cruel to its race!

" And most insensible appears,

" To a fond Mother's Throes and Fears!

" And as you *only* are a DUCHESS,

" Why should I use Respect, or Preface!

" As you a Mother are, or one day,

" May sigh, and feel a Wish you may!

" Ah Delicacy at a stand,

" This Scripture waits at my Command;—

" *She drops her Eggs upon the Sand!*"

This

Thus our new OVID's Metamorphose
 Would change a Lady into a Goose!
 'Cause, like the DEVIL, he can quote
 The Scripture, he has got by Rote!
 " And as the Bible may appear,
 " Not popular to Lady's Ear ;"
 He brings the Paraphrase to view,
 There lays his eggs, and hatches too;
 And to support his Declamation,
 Pursues it with as vile Quotation !—
 Tho' scarce from Laughter we refrain,
 All must condemn th' indecent Strain.

Thus modern Satyrists *reclaim* ;

Thus hold the Mirrour up to BLAME !
 Nor common Decency preserv'd,
 Wonder their *Doctrine's* not observ'd !
 But they, who vulgar Ears could rate,
 With Language thus of BILLINGSGATE ;
 Instead of Censure HUBBUBSTICK,
 Should be well cudgelled with a Stick !

While

While he, who flights all Rank and Station,
 Deserves the greatest Indignation;
 Join'd to the worst Contempt of Men,
 The Lash and scourge of ev'ry Pen;
 The female Scorn, where 'ere he goes;
 A Halter last, to end his Woes!

To such *Dignity*, and public Hate,
 Let's leave 'em, as their certain fate!
 And while such *Ribaldry* we spurn,
 To pleasurable Thoughts return!
 And if *ATTENTION* will befriend,
 With *GRAVITY* we'll close the End!

And now, MY LORD! tho' I deny, with TRUTH,
 These public Strictures on GEORGINA's Youth!
 Give FRAILTY all, that SCANDAL would infer,
 Due to the Sex around, gay, young as her!
 What are these modish Levities of MAY?
 But Lightning's Flashes, that refine the Day!

Sudden

Sudden alike, the Storm soon over-past,
 More sweet, and pure Serenity we taste !
 Such is the gladsome Prospect strikes my Eye ;
 Thus speak th' Effusions of my PROPHECY !

When from a Stock, of foundest Honour prov'd,
 And for each human Excellence belov'd ;
 We mark the Parents chaste, and princely Grace
 Reflect due Lustre on their tender Race ;
 While the fond Mother, delicately nice,
 Pours the rich Balm of Precept and Advice !
 REASON and TRUTH this sweet Reflection lend ;
 And may EXPERIENCE still the Cause befriend !
 As the young Scion, which a Tempest shakes,
 Ruffles a while, but no impression makes ;
 Soon in its rooted Strength, the Storm blown o'er,
 It stands collected, firmer than before !

So doubt not, Time, ere many Sands are run,
 Will perfect, what a Parent's Hand begun !

When

When your fair Consort, as in Virtue great,
 With added Dignity, supports her State!
 When Sense and Wisdom their full beams display,
 And slanderous CENSURE melts beneath their ray!
 When Education, faithfully combin'd,
 Expanding, shews the Beauties of her Mind!
 'Till prov'd her Sex's Ornament and pride,
 Ev'n Pageantry of FASHION cast aside;
 She shines the brightest Star in human Sphere,
 By all admir'd, who love the Chaste and Fair!
 'Till tow'ring high above the Slanderer's art,
 Encompass'd with the shield of ev'ry heart,
 The praise of VIRTUE boundless shall receive,
 And you, with her, in solid Transport live!

Such Notes PROPHETIC VISION would inspire!
 Such Notes alone become the Muses' Lyre!
 And to each Husband of the BRITISH School,
 Let me, my LORD! extend this golden Rule!

While

While pure-ey'd VIRTUE smiles upon the Fair,

To FEATHER'D Trifles lend no jealous Ear !

Affur'd, while circled by her magic Charm,

Tho' ENVY rail, unjust is her Alarm !

And if, like you, with virtuous Beauty blest'd,

Thus let the POET's Maxim be address'd !

" If to her Share some Female Errors fall,

" Look in her Face, and you'll forget them all !"

Nor think me, SIR, not partial in my view,

My Trophies rise, as your Delights ensue !

When such your Triumph, as my Wishes frame,

Your PROPHEET lives rever'd in YOUR Acclaim !

May such, with public favour, wait this Strain;

And I'll pursue these HYDRAS to their Den !

T H E E N D.

While pure-eyed Virtue smiles upon the Fair,
 To reward a Tiffie lend no jealous Earl;
 Admired, while circled by her magic Charm,
 The Envy rail, unjealous is her Alarm!
 And if, like you, with virtuous Beauty blessed,
 Thus let the Poet's Maxim be addressed!
 "If to her share some Female Thro' will fall,
 "Look in her Face, and you'll forget them all!"

For think me, Sir, not  my views,
 My Tropics rise, as yours, and cannot fall!
 When such your Triumph, as my Wishes frame,
 Your Poet's heart lives rapt in your Acclaim!

May such, with public favour, wait this strain,
 And I'll pursue their lives, to their own pain!